

Don't Sacrifice Your Health

for anything, for once it is lost it is hard to regain. Guard it carefully and at the first sign of distress in the Stomach, Liver or Bowels, resort to

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It keeps entire system normal and promotes health and strength.

MADE THE GHOST DISGUSTED

English Statesman's Story of Vision Has at Least a Little Touch of Originality.

Mr. Birrell told a ghost story at the Bristol Press Fund dinner, when responding to the toast, "Literature and Journalism." In referring to a recent speech by Dr. Silvanus Thompson on the importance of science, Mr. Birrell said:

"I don't know, my Lord Mayor, whether you ever have had dreams, but I have been haunted ever since I was almost a boy by the constant repetition of one and the same dream.

"It comes to me again and again. It is this: I dream I am walking about somewhere in some plain or desert, and I suddenly encounter the agitated ghost of Sir Isaac Newton. He approaches me, his eyes almost starting out of his head; he tells me who he is, and how ignorant he is of all that has happened in the world of science since he left.

"Now," he says, "I want you to tell me in a few words—for I have only a quarter of an hour left—all that has happened to the race; the progress. How is it? I know what it was when I left it. What is it now?"

"My heart sinks, and, covered with confusion, I stumble, I stutter, I stammer, I become more and more involved, my ignorance becomes more and more apparent, and at last the unhappy ghost, throwing up his hands, leaves me with dismay.

"That dream constantly comes to me. The only difference is that the moment the unhappy Sir Isaac Newton sees me now he says, 'Oh, that old ignoramus,' and departs."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Eau De Vie.

Tippler—The doctor said I must drink lots of water.

His Wife—Very well. But he doesn't mean fire water, remember.

A bachelor never knows whether to call a baby he or she, so he says "it."

A Sure Favorite

—saves the housewife much thankless cooking—

Post Toasties

The factory cooks them perfectly, toasts them to a delicate, golden-brown, and sends them to your table ready to eat direct from the sealed package.

Fresh, crisp, easy to serve, and

Wonderfully Appetizing

Ask any grocer—

Post Toasties

The Lilies in Their Purity



And so with purity they came to earth
Within His tomb to cluster—
The lilies of God of Heavenly birth
Giving their light and luster.

Easter—Its Memories

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

EASTER memories! Tenderest vanities of earth-land, fragrant with the odor of annunciation lilies and bound about forever with a scroll bearing words of promise. Long ago the gowns whose soft harmonies delighted have faded. With the vanishing years have gone the dainty love tokens, and the lover. Still the covenant remains and the golden glory of the promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Far above the high-backed pew the preacher's voice intones the Easter text.

Stretch as she may her fat little neck, Baby Bella cannot see the preacher. She gives herself over to thoughts of glories of her new Easter toilet. A round, pink-cheeked maiden is she, sitting straight and proper as becomes her years—she counts five—in a new black silk gown, low of neck and short of sleeve, and very round of skirt. A monstrous scoop bonnet ties with fat pink bows under her fat pink chin. Admiring contemplation of her two white-stockinged legs projecting from stiffly starched pantalettes is intermingled with pleased anticipation of soon beholding the fat, pink, also green, blue and red eggs waiting her at home when service is over. The preacher's voice soothes like lapping waves. The church is warm. Of a sudden the prophecies of 1845 are forgotten. Bella's head falls against grandmother's Paisley shawled arm and she sleeps.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Again the words of the Easter text fall on Miss Bella's ears unheeded. This Easter a lover in soldier's uniform stands by her side. About him all her thoughts center. The new Easter toilet is even a thought of him, for was not its beauty and excessive modishness planned to win favor in his eyes.

The preacher and his world are so far away.

Life, and the joy of the lilies—and love—so near.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

It is Mistress Bella now, in the old family pew, husband on one side of her, children on the other like heads upon a lily stalk, who smiles in happy thought. How John had laughed at her coquettish confession that she had chosen black because she feared she was too old now for bright colors! As if the new Easter dress was not chosen as a special test of becoming

ingness, with its long, slender polonaise and perky bows everywhere over the shirred, puffed, bouffant underskirt. There was no confession of years in the tiny capote of glittering jet, with wide bows of fine tulle.

The test had succeeded.

To John, to the children, she would be always lovely, always young.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The little black-draped figure of the old lady in the high-backed pew straightened perceptibly at the words of the preacher. For an instant her face against the crepe of the mourning veil gleamed like a lamp of alabaster. Then the flame went out, in grief for the losses of the years. The husband and little ones laid away, and that last and bitter loss of all, the boy that died at Siboney.

Trembling, she strove to draw the mourning veil across her face, to conceal the slow gathering tears of age. Straightway a bundle of chiffon and satin shook itself awake from her lap, and a tender rosebud face framed in crushed scoop bonnet of white satin looked lovingly into hers.

"Gramma cry? Bella naughty? Bella break nice new bonnet? Bella sorry. Bella can't hear man talk."

Bella of seventy smiled through tears at Baby Bella. "Grandma's heart's ease," she whispers. The joy of all the Easters that are gone were not sweeter than her smile. For is not Baby Bella the joy of the now, the "earthly always" of Grandma Bella, and full recompense?

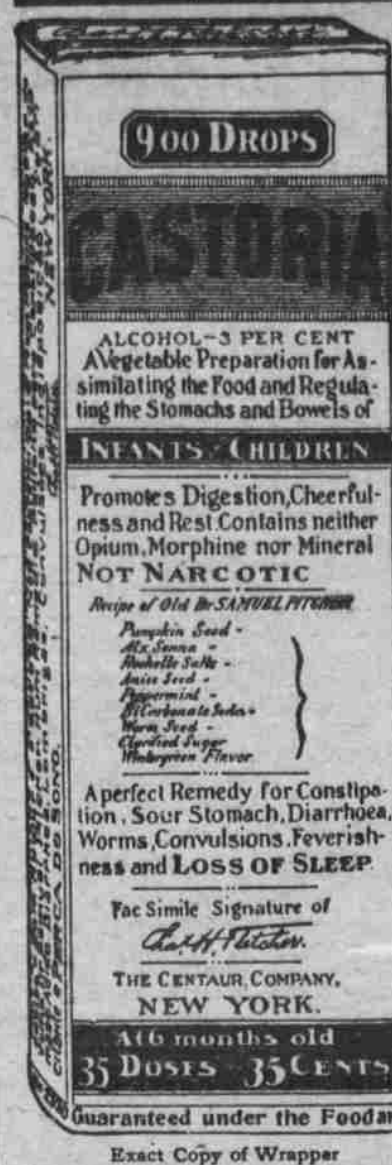
The Risen Life.

Easter is a season of joy and flowers—let it be also a time for spiritual awakening and the growth of faith; it is a season when joyful chorals are sung on every hand—let it be also marked by generous charities and Christ-like ministries to those who now sit in the shadow of death, or who pine in the deserts of a religionless experience. Resurrection should not all of it be postponed until the last day—much of it may take place on earth in redeemed hearts and evangelized society. It should be remembered that the Lord is even now by his spirit converting hearts to the likeness of a higher life. Resurrection thus becomes a continual process, consummated at last in the skies, where it reaches the plane of a perfect life. The Lord, if we believe and are faithful, will perfect that which concerneth us.

Joy With the Easter Flowers.

After the gloom of a long winter, the Easter flowers are especially entrancing. To the invalids especially they breathe hope and cheer. To the youthful they tell tales of budding love, and fragrant joy. To the children they are the harbingers of sun shine, "fragrant fields and dewy meads." To the aged they bring glorious promise of rejuvenation and hope, out beyond the evening star.

They bring the Easter miracle into our lives, and whisper, "we came out of the blackness of the soil; why may not your dark and black past also produce flowery blooms which may bless not only yourselves but others as well."



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years
CASTORIA

RAPID LIFE IN WINDY CITY

According to New York Woman's Story Its Reputation Has Basis Other Than Humorous.

There is a New York woman who goes twice a year to Chicago with her husband, when the latter makes periodical business trips. They always stay at the same hotel—a large though quiet house, which gets a good deal of Chicago and Illinois trade. The New Yorkers have come to be known to the woman housekeeper of the hotel. They have just returned from their latest journey to the city by Lake Michigan, and this is what Mrs. New Yorker says:

"I always used to think that the humorous paragraphs in the papers dealing with the frequency of Chicago divorces were jokes, but I know now they have a solid basis of fact. The reason? Because when we were in Chicago this time the housekeeper of the hotel said to me: 'I'm so glad to see you back again, ma'am. And you know—if you'll excuse me saying it—you're the only lady that comes back here year after year with the same husband.'"

Probably.

"I asked Miss Cayenne her opinion of me and she said she thought I'd be very attractive to the mice. What on earth do you suppose she meant by that?"

"It was just a polite way of saying that you were a piece of cheese."

Physically Impossible.

"Why aren't they going to try and float that stock?"

"They're afraid it won't hold water."

A Leading Question.

He—I could tango forever. She—How long could you bring up coal and sift ashes?

Paradoxical Praise.

"I have a rare cook."
"Then is everything she gives you well done?"

Music of the Spheres.

First Wag—What is a moonstone?
Second Wag—A moon's tone is a lunatic.

PERHAPS THE FAIREST THERE

But Little Ducky's Name Would Have Been Hard to Find in an Annual Spring Almanac.

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darkies, in calico smocks, stood squirming in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's name' after flowers, ma'am. Ah name 'em. De bigges' one's name' Gladiola. De nex' one, she name' Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littlest one named?"

"She name' Artuhficial, ma'am."

Wiseest Nation.

"It says here, 'One of the idols most revered by the Koreans is the figure of a woman, seated, resting her chin in her hand,'"

said Mrs. Chatterley, reading the newspaper.

"Which proves that the Koreans are about the wisest nation on earth," suggested her husband.

"How's that, Joshua?"

"Well," said Mr. Chatterley, with distinct emphasis, "simply because they make a deity of a woman who has sense enough to give her chin a rest."

Cheerful Assurance.

"What did Gwendolyn say when you asked her to marry you?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"She told me to come and see you," replied the confident youth. "Having done so, I shall go back and tell her that I don't object to you in the slightest."

Economy.

"Don't you think it was extravagant in Miss Noodles to buy an automobile?"

"No, indeed; she married a chauffeur."

To Him, for Instance.

Betty—Jack won't take 'no' for an answer. What shall I do?"

Tom—Say "yes" to some other fellow.

Reputation and character are about as synonymous as the north and south poles.

VITAL FORCE

Disease germs are on every hand. They are in the very air we breathe. A system "run down" is a prey for them. One must have vital force to withstand them. Vital force depends on digestion—on whether or not food nourishes—on the quality of blood coursing through the body.

DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery

Strengthens the weak stomach. Gives good digestion. Enlivens the sluggish liver. Feeds the starved nerves. Again full health and strength return. A general upbuilding enables the heart to pump like an engine running in oil. The vital force is once more established to full power. Year in and year out for over forty years this great health-restoring remedy has been spreading throughout the entire world—because of its ability to make the sick well and the weak strong. Don't despair of "being your old self again." Give this vegetable remedy a trial—Today—Now. You will soon feel "like new again." Sold in liquid or tablet form by Druggists or trial box for 50c by mail. Write Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's great 1896 page "Medical Advisor," cloth-bound, sent for 51 one-cent stamps.